

Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the world.

Prin. I, do, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

Host. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh, the diuel rides vpon a fiddle sticke, what's the matter?

Host. The Sherife and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfeit, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

Prince. And thou, a naturall coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Go, hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a-boue: now my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

Prin. Now, master Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

She. One of them is well knowen, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I do assure you is not here, For I my selfe at this time haue imploid him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee, That will by to morrow dinner tyme, Send in to answere thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreat you leaue the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen Haue, in this robbery, lost 300. markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. God night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oylie rascal is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

Pri. Harke, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets,

*He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.*

Prin. What hast thou found?

Pet. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see what they be: read them.

Item, a capon. 2.s.ii.d.

Item, sawce. iiii.d.

Item, sacke, two gallons. v.s.viii.d.

Item, anchaues and sacke after supper. 2.s.vi.d.

Item, bread. ob.

O mostrous! but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of sack? what there is else keep close, wee'll read it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day; ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death wil be a march of twelue score, the money shall be paid backe againe with a duantage; bee with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Exiunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,*

*Owen Glendower.*

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And